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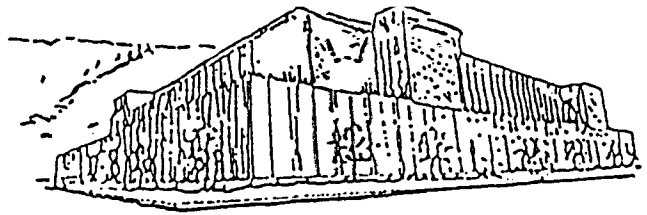
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FOURTH WORLD

by

Lary Kleeman

B.A. Colorado State University, 1988

Presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements

for the degree of

Master of Fine Arts


The University of Montana

1996

Approved by:



Chairperson



Dean, Graduate School

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## Acknowledgments

Colorado North Review "I Forget I Am Between Walls "

Kinesis: "Passport Photo, 1994 "

Potpourri. "Before Writing a Poem "

Statement. Journal of the Colorado Language Arts Society.  
"Stork's Nest" and "Vendor's Song."

Teacup: "Viht Making" and "Watercolor "

Whiskey Island Magazine: "Inez." (under different title)

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for Dorothy Virginia and Robert Willard Kleeman



Before Writing a Poem

I shiver each step  
before morning sun

breaks clouds into shards  
of Pueblo pottery

rephrasing heat  
into black and white

snakeheads hissing  
this is silence

your silence.

Bundles of Sticks

Orchids

Estonia, 1992

This is where Wagner must've dreamt  
Tännhauser. At least, a scene like this:  
Snow, some firs, but so much more  
snow than firs. Old women wrapped  
in shawls measuring the road to town.  
Bundles of sticks on backs and then what?  
We laugh--we can't help it.  
Tiiu pushes the long-runnered sled  
past her village. There have to be wolves  
in dark this dark. At least old Communists.  
But then we haven't the desire  
to talk. Her hands clutch manifestoes of coat.  
We grapple. Not grapple, but give back  
the good heat that our lives had lost.  
She says yes. Yes and orchids. She loves  
orchids better than the large-handed man  
who sells them outside the bus station  
in his leanto of flowers and light.

Passport Photo, 1994

There I was, lying on the studio's counter between a woman and child  
I'd never known. None of us had smiled in our photos. Some years  
before, I'd strolled into a smalltown Colorado courthouse for the same.  
Back then, smiling was like cracking an egg. Fact is, I'd been raised  
within reach of a wilderness called Oh-Be-Joyful but have since come  
across other country I'm still chewing on. Take the cold night streets  
of L'vov, Ukraine. Trolleycar sparks light storefront windows. Inside,  
shelves of dust, canned beets and piss yellow soda. Salesclerks  
in slate gray housecoats stare with geologic indifference.  
What is it to grow old with no choice but to wear out?  
The ancient Carpathians are wearing down. Mountainfolk weave dead  
crows and mud into their clothes. Eyes quieter than cinders. Faces  
plain as milk. Sheep dodge barreling ex-Soviet army trucks.  
One babushka drags a long-handled axe walking the railroad tracks.  
Another, in black, about bowls me over rounding a corner  
with a pine cross not meant for a grave in Newsweek.

## Viht Making

After we pass, some sway headless in the Baltic breeze.  
In Kusta's hands, cut birch shoots shape into fans:  
Placing and replacing so that each young limb fits.

We won't use these vihad until winter  
when, in the fireglow of sauna,  
we'll take them into hand and thrash ourselves  
amid the hiss and steam of water.

We 'carry the leaf bundles on a pole  
balanced across our shoulders.

As we walk the road back, Kusta takes long strides  
and tells the story of the woman who once held the knife  
but unsheathed it and gave it to the man. The man left her side  
feeling he was mightier than the forests.

Kusta's pace quickens. He abandons broken English for Estonian.  
I try to keep up, but lose whole sentences. What little I catch  
I quietly repeat to remember: Õõ, vaenlane, surm. The story ends  
but my quiet chant continues: Night, enemy, death.

## The Understory

No, you were right to judge my past. I was medieval, a church beyond the village's warm hearths and walls of drying nets.

The islandfolk grew old trudging to me every winter.  
They ate my salt before turning home for water.

Narrow windows. The martin's cloudtumbling call. Death would fill me,  
standing room only.

But how I would stand, cold glistening stone, when rain threw itself  
without.

It took her scent, like wet willow, her knees, bared and bent warm  
at my altar before I awoke to false candles.

I kicked doors to fiery sunsets.

Then came the vagrants on December nights--they burned the oaken pulpit,  
board by board.

I was no longer a church but walls that sank in soil and leaf  
until handfuls of rock clutched in cedar-root, tumbled by slow half-grind

of earth and ice into the understory, broadleaved and crying jays  
bluer than any sky that works to stay above.

After Reading Chekhov

Irina bakes cakes with lemon sprinkles on frosty angel food.

What a lot of flowers you have!  
All my life I've been hanging  
about little apartments  
with two chairs and a sofa,  
and a stove that always smokes.

I watch the wasps out back: they gather grass or hair,  
they stock their nests against the physics frost completes.

What if one were to begin life  
over again,  
but consciously?

An old man with an armful of wood trips, goes down on cement,  
one leg kicks the air as he grunts in the dark, alone.

Then each of us, I think,  
would try above everything  
not to repeat himself...

Irina draws water from the outdoor pump.  
She never moved to Moscow.

...at least he would create  
a different setting for his life,  
he would arrange an apartment  
like this, with flowers  
and plenty of light.

## The Lighthouse

The sky stuck to it last I saw.  
Has the ship sunk?

Flat, the night is flat,  
a sailor fallen from his perch,

the masts in ruin,  
the ship, cement

and moss-green.  
A church spire or mountaintop

sinking under waves.  
I climb the iron ladders

to the roof. The candle I hold  
has blown out.

My feet shift. There's shouting.  
I shred the map and then the letters.

I want more wind, more window-rattling wind,  
too loud to hear the waves.

Tomorrow, I'll go along the shore with rake in hand  
to turn the weeds, the moss-green rocks.



Beyond the Frame

## The Woman in Matisse's The Red Room

She could bear it no longer: arranging  
the fruit forever, cruets never tipped,  
each weighing down the tablecloth, its red  
the red that begs for more attention.  
Not once had she lifted eyes or shifted feet--  
her torment lasting eighty years or so.  
No violation--art, not life--till now:  
She turns, murders the pose,

breaks gestalt's hold

and runs beyond the frame's dumb wooden rule.  
For years the tea was boiling--its whistle  
blowing incessantly, insanely, in her ear.  
That taken care of, she opens the pantry,  
hoists her skirts and sprays piss.  
She wipes her brow then drops her hair from buns  
held long in place. She gazes back through doors  
to red, the red that begs for more.  
Do walls begin or end in this red room?  
She never could question before,  
always bent in black and white, her apron certain  
around her waist. And what of trees that bloom  
like cotton plants outside the picture window?  
She had been a fixture--strange keeper  
of kept secrets: the blue flowers and vines  
that climbed the walls but never grew.

No longer dead for art

she'll finger cups of cappuccino, talk

for hours with lovers south of Rome.  
She'll never visit a museum--  
the coast is simpler, warmer, less objectionable.  
Is that onion or apple at table's edge?  
The light won't say.  
From where she stands, the fruit resists a name.

Painting Lesson

Is it easier for a forest  
to \_\_\_\_\_ with a sky behind it?

Some firs just stepped out.

It's coming together now:  
Waterjar.

clink clink

Half buried  
fences, a bunker staring  
one-eyed--I tell you

they are there but  
of no consequence,  
without \_\_\_\_\_,  
and that history evades the easel.

He turns,  
shakes a brush at the  
frozen lake:

I'm trying to get the water just right.

## Watercolor

Suzanne trusts color more than line.  
It goes back to kindergarten,  
where she first drew forests of pines  
bottom-up, not top-down. She listens  
to her intuition, brushes the sun  
to the left in a smooth gray sky  
where lines of birds  
bleed behind blue branches.

She tries a deeper blue,  
for it's evening in her painting  
or just about the time when colors  
seem more assured of themselves.  
A sparrow opens its throat  
and spills its song from willows.  
Suzanne rests her brush and listens:  
She hasn't found a color for song.

## Lady in the Lilies

The old lady in the lilies leaves nothing more  
to the imagination of June growth. She bends  
to cut, trim and neaten. A vision of order

clears before her gloved hands. The unsavory sight  
of hybrids, seedlings and groundvine gone wild offends  
the old lady in the lilies. Is nothing more

reassuring than green leaves? A jay, watching the chore,  
scolds her. She stops, looks at her gloves as if she'd sinned  
to cut, trim and neaten. A vision? Of order,

she believes that it helps the good to prosper.  
To snip at deviance and decay passions  
the old lady: in the lilies, nothing is more.

Having replaced her worn-out gloves with a new pair,  
she'll work through dinner, past the silence of robins  
to cut, trim and neaten a vision of order.

The flowers fade from her dress as she darkens  
into the bent caretaker who'd come before  
to cut, trim, neaten. A vision of order--  
the old lady in the lilies leaves nothing more.

His Answer

She wanted cattails to sway above her bed,  
their slender green freedom in a frame.  
This would complete her decor d'humus: the leopard  
frogs continuously coupling in the terrarium,  
the potpourri of damp leaves.

At the oceanfront boardwalk she met a painter named Victor.

He blew gull's feathers from palettes baked in sun.  
Cattails? he asked.

She leaned in and lowered her voice:  
Should there be more--mist or morning light  
that pours through pines at pond's edge?

He turned from her and her cute provoking habit  
of casual comeback and dug among his works  
past sunsets, gulls on piers, children playing in sand.

He found it behind the rest, his answer:

Not framed, but the Franciscan's  
brown robe fell like a shadow, entering  
from the left, what could be the east.  
At center stood the Hopi,  
waist-high in corn,  
peering from under their black bangs,  
windows to the fourth world.

## Holy Orders

1.

I return to my work of painting angels on panels--  
globs of white light, stickfigures, tin foil stars--  
the Clearing-of-God's-Throat version.

2.

Brother Theophane never returned from the belltower.

His soupbowl at his spot.  
The rope, never replaced.

Each window in each cell cracked open  
for the song of blackbirds to call us to Matins.

3.

I return to my work of painting angels on panels.  
I've tried so hard at getting them to speak.

Then came the moaning  
in the fourth panel  
of the Head-Between-The-Knees version:

No marble or marble pillars or pillars of clouds  
but the Abbot nodded.

After the Great Silence he led me  
to the Room of the Holy Relics:



Stilts and flashlights;  
a double-or-nothing keno game in the corner.

4.  
I forgot to mention the blackbird  
found frozen to the cross, its head  
halfway under its wing.

I Forget I Am Between Walls

When she touches me I float on oceans of snow peas and chant Chaucer  
to ripening vineyards and name her Jamaica or Israel

morning star

she rises like hashish            her lips promising quiet  
to Lebanons            resurrection to Saigons

and when she touches me I am Cézanne's peaches  
riding tablecloth waves

as our hips move with pleased forgetfulness  
revising Euclidian geometry to the swish of old gin

while excited gold-helmeted Gilgamesh  
sings    home is somewhere close    in the dark

when she touches me I forget I am  
between hours or words or walls.

Bare-Ribbed Boats

## The Homestead

From the pine porch he watches Theo hobble beside the baler,  
Theo's cap tilted like a dog's head cocked for snakes or sudden  
wings. Prone to dizzy spells, Gus curses his crossword when  
not watching the haying. Between cigarettes he tosses a sentence  
to the dog at his feet. We've got a right to be mean.  
All rumble and spit, the tractor starts again. Dust rises in its wake.  
What's a five letter word for steadfast? Begins with an 'L'.  
The three-legged blue-heeler snaps at a fly.

Edwina

Hoes the red soil with a sharpened stick.  
Buries totems:  
small dry explosions-about-to-happen.  
Kachina eyes, tiny thunder-beings,  
each planted in need, in prayer, in mesa shadow.

Edwina Little Bird walks barefoot today.  
Makes the journey with her whole body, row by row.  
Fingers smooth soil, toes tamp.  
Magpies read the language of her prints:  
earth will crack, in time.

Inez

There are nights and there are nights.  
Don't ask me for his name, hon.

He was only another roof  
bent over me and holding

my body from floating  
after the rain stopped raining.

His gutters leaked.  
His shingles rattled.

After the rain stopped raining  
and with my hair streaming into pillows,

I dreamed open a window  
like sky.

Do you know what it is  
to wake to rough hands,

a strange face,  
windows nailed shut?

It's looking up at tarpaper,  
looking up at tarpaper, hon.

## Jazz

1.

We exchange currency at Chateau On the Hill--  
ten kulahs to the buck.

Fedora begs for more coin. She rubs  
her soft beret along the dark spine  
of my walking bass. Ah, my

Lovely Porkpie! Behind the red door you wait  
with your three-cornered love. Ah, it burns!  
Boot The Presidents of the United States of America.  
Snap-Brim--the quick look of goodbye. A done deal,  
Diadem Eyes. Ah, but that lovely turban of hair!

2.

I'm drunk on her. A ten gallon funk.  
We take the stage. Sailors curse and yell.  
I strum. Vega and Tiara do "Fiero Sombrero!"  
before the Clog Dance in Red.  
Stovepipe's on the sax.

I'm banging-out brain buckets.  
Damn this! Between sets, Crusher  
hands me a gin-on-the-rocks.  
Hey, don't sweat it Skull Cap,  
it's just a gig. Yeah, just a gig.

Maia

When I find things I can't fit  
into my pocket, I'm at a loss

I love: grandfather cottonwood,  
eastern Colorado sky,

the way she said water.

The way she cradled a shirtful of green apples  
from her father's orchard.

Summer evenings she'd wander gardens,  
saltshaker in hand,  
ready to taste the ripeness.

Our last time together:

A small branch fell  
from her hair.



Middle Age

I follow a cart of hay  
that creaks  
down a mountain road.

The rope has burned  
my neck  
blue.

The driver looks away.  
He cocks his head  
and whistles.

Keeping up, stumbling  
behind. Triangles  
in the air:  
the three-voiced call of the crow.

Photo Hanging on the Cabin Wall

Snow collects on your shoulders.  
Your hair is wet, so are your eyes.  
The wind-in-the-trees never ceases  
wrapping you in bluegreen distance.

I follow my dreams into villages  
where bare-ribbed boats weather  
atop stone walls. I'm an old man  
with an armful of wood.

Victor

At the sidewalk cafe  
I like to imagine women  
when I see them:  
how one might fold her arm  
behind her head while greeting  
the morning in bed;  
what she might whisper,  
or whether she'd whisper at all.  
And this one,  
her dress as much a part of her  
as tossing branches to a storm,  
lending a look to the wind,  
a sense of passage,  
the scent of leaves broken open  
on wet sidewalk.

Another Kind of Compass

Parrots

And if not parrots, then bats or falling fruit  
keep me awake my first week in the jungle.

Not really a jungle--a rainforest. Rain.  
A daily afternoon sermon.

Mad parrots slamming my tent.  
Each thwack a spasm.  
They hit and slide off.  
Sometimes they squeak.

And if not parrots, then bats.  
Or, falling, fruit grown heavy, too heavy for the crowns of trees  
to hold above the soil.

So many nests.  
So many nests not entered into my notes.  
And if not?

Knees to chin, I rock to rain.

Parrots then bats or falling fruit,  
parrots then bats or falling fruit.

Or

Slash and burn. Parrots. Then bats. The ashes of.  
Like winter, but much colder.

My collapsible stove has less to do with fire.  
I have less to do with my mouth.

Bats sound the night with click-clicks.  
I cut a hole to note the moon.

## The Pileated Woodpecker

We stamp our feet and rub our hands  
and wait for its ebony beak,  
the fiery red that flares its head,  
its wings, its sudden wings that stun the pines  
with wind-loud strokes.

Its flight at dawn--  
night's last black unhinged--  
unsteady shadow seeking grubs and mites  
beneath the ponderosa's bark.

We point and gasp, shout, Look and There;  
in frosty morning air it slow-drums from trunk to trunk.  
It sounds each tree, each stump:  
Thack-thump thack-thump thack-thump.

We watch its need  
to hollow trunks,  
the wooden walls of home.

Unseen Horses

I'm wrapped in blankets.

I wind my way past empty pots  
that line the walls for rain,

rain so seldom cracks widen  
but go unnoticed.

I hold the sacred cornmeal. Small handfuls.

Alone, I've reached the place of jumping  
off.

Only rock's quick drop, mesa's edge.

I give the gifts unopened, clean.  
I set them on the rocks. I sit and wait.

Unseen horses kick dust to distant  
unheard thunder.



## Stork's Nest

Before parting I warned you  
of leeches and ticks,  
gave you my axe,  
its blade another kind of compass.

To cleave is to swing,  
to swing is to break  
the attention of waiting,  
the spell of morning.

By noon we'd found the treebound  
mess. Stringlike vines hung  
unanswered as if the composer  
had left in a fury,

disheartened by the feeble  
imagination of sticks.  
Feathers had caught on branches--  
branches, not spires, not wind.

Wyoming Blizzard

Horse-muscled wind.

Another kind of thunder.

What was considered empty

is no longer left to consider.

An army could march into this place without regard for the question  
of enemy position.

Which is to say God

needn't argue so loud.

There's no question of enemies, only

how long before

Unblinking the Sun

## Vendor's Song

Old gods are terrible to look at when  
they weep, their moans flagellate the still,  
soft-skinned morning air so that forgotten birds  
hidden among pines dark and feathered  
before evening, rise with song,  
a song of light to come,  
not one light but many flames  
forward-pressing, dressed in sackcloth.

They are terrible to look at, the old gods,  
behind altars of market with plastic tags  
dangling from their feet--the feet of birds  
shot for their colors and wing patterns and  
meat as the vendor's song of price and sale  
rises like spring's song of the saved sun  
blinding men and women who wander  
among the stalls pricing scrap and hair.

Is there peace in this--in the conch shell's curl,  
its pink and cream spiral beneath empty blue  
or brooding gray, an open ear, an abandoned ear  
of some old cur lost along the littered shore  
one frothy night of spring-wet rambling when fences  
were less than fences and walls and other dogs  
cornered it? It pulled its head back with a howl  
so hard, so toothy, it undid itself.

They

They crouch without soiling their sundresses. If caught,  
They shout an alternate strategy in Russian.  
They are the Chosen People -- lovable and sought --  
They carry maps of Gondwanaland in glass jars

They fashioned from the perennial arc of pain.  
They have an innate fear of standing still. See how  
They run? Nomads at heart, they look at mirrors knowing  
They are only as good as (and not even that).

They pepper the earth with lost luggage and goodbyes.  
They keep to themselves on subways or when, often,  
They head south of the equator in search of green.  
They are a magic show in which the smoke is real.

They are divided into Us and Them.  
They raise their fists whenever the chant is started,  
They shall live without doors, They who are Them. Amen.  
They hand deliver Beauty, day or night.

They rise like dry ice and are as impatient, for  
They know that to know is not to know (enough).  
They reorganize life--from Prozac to plastic.  
They will to their heirs their worn-out lumbar and cares.

Seven Ways of Looking at a Satellite Dish

I.

On a hill in the desert--  
The sun, the song of a cactus wren  
And the dish.

II.

I fall asleep in its curve.  
The blackbird and I and the weather  
Exchange maps in dreams.  
Theirs, filled with stars. Mine, empty, official.

III.

Bone. Bone-white. Hollow.  
Tripod of hollow bones desiring flight.  
A blackbird perches on the tripod.

IV.

A man in a pea jacket makes notes in a book.  
He stands in the snow  
Beside the dish at the center of the snow.  
The wind lifts a page, a strand of hair.

V.

Frozen in regard of Heaven!

VI.

Because God tapdances.  
Because Greenland is empty of blackbirds.

VII.

The blackbird cocks its head  
to listen to the hail  
striking the dish.

## Fourth World

1.

I just saw the puppets and they're cool looking.

2.

It's dark. The ticket-taker greets the children:

Please Wipe Your Feet Before Entering.

Silk curtains and skullcaps. A backstage built  
at the end of winter when afternoons return.

3.

I'm wrapped in blankets.

I wind my way past empty pots  
that line the walls for rain,

rain so seldom cracks widen  
but go unnoticed.

I hold the sacred corn. Small handfuls.

Alone, I've reached the place of jumping  
off.

I give the gifts. Unopened. Clean. Unseen

horses kick dust to distant thunder.

The sun has come. I sit and wait.

My hands have just begun to warm.



4.

Ceste planète est toute sèche, et toute pointe et toute salée.

5.

It was entirely sharp, the way he spoke  
to students: Wrong again, miss Artichoke--  
No, there's no word in Biblical Hebrew  
for doubt. Now what's the word that's often used  
to greet or say farewell among the Jews?  
You there, behind the pile of dead starlings--  
undress and acknowledge red, yellow, white  
playing within you. Go ahead, we might  
hope, wish day come, not choose not to be.  
The headmaster bounced his whip off his knee--  
the boy was sure each thwack would leave a scar.

6.

First Chill--then Stupor--then the letting go--

7.

Little Charles spilled his milkduds.  
At fifty pence a box, his Mum  
will throw a fit. Nevermind Her:  
The puppet prince just lost his head.  
It rolls, an avocado pit,  
a pit without, a pit within.

8.

I told the puppets it would be o.k.

9.

The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed.  
The strings are tangled bad. But shows go on.  
I hadn't thought his death undid so much.  
At least the kids are here, each sipping Coke.  
My partner's wristbone hangs from balcony  
fourteen. They think the sound it makes is cool.  
Without his hands, his voice, the show's amuck.

10.

Kachinas dance all day at Oraibi.

Saffron rain falls  
from the old man's hands.

Corn pollen prayer.

Talasi.

Kuwanlelenta.

We are caretakers  
of a world we've thrown

out of balance: Fourth World,  
Tuwaqachi.

11.

Outside the pueblo, a radio:

hey, hey,  
my, my,  
rock-n-roll

will never die.  
better to burn-out  
than to rust,  
hey, hey,  
my, my

12.

My lands! Her Royal Highness, Queen Amnesia,  
will hold a ball for Christmas! Read below  
for details. Read on! I can't, I haven't spectacles.  
I will--here, give it here. Click, click. (My we're  
moving slow). Well, it says admission's free  
but each must bring the following: one hobbled horse  
with golden shoes; a pink nosegay from France;  
two strangers knowing nothing very well  
about The Nutcracker or goose flambe;  
a child under a stocking cap and twelve  
decrepit painters who'll attest, I cannot paint  
what then I was. Sounds fun! Let's go!  
Clip clop clip clop clip clop click click

The children clap and clear the auditorium.

13.

You haven't answers, wearing birch bark shoes  
(there are faces growing in the earth).

A slight unnerving breeze has blown industrial spewage,  
its guava green, on shore. The seagulls ask without ceasing.

The right questions. Begin with them: unseen strangers.  
Before old age. Shall this generation waste and want?  
Shall they empty and unstring?

14.

The seventh variable is annual  
destruction of animal units or prey  
destruction rate. The minimum kill was chosen  
as a convenient value for studying  
the effects of the other variables.

15.

A piece of dough  
and bowl of water  
for the best of us.

The tourists--  
upset again:

no Mahi-Mahi  
on the menu.

16.

In all this world there is no creature  
but Thou Shalt Have.

Waiting for an Upward Gesture

Like a childhood  
or surface of childhood or colors

framed by storefront glass. Like impatience  
of crowds. Mime.

The finch sang each morning from those trees  
barren of leaves.

Miserere?

It sang with a red bristle of

breastfeathers, with an open throat  
to what would rise.

Cordelia

Up, then. Hoist it up, Lear -- never mind her  
silence unblinking the sun. It's done: Her  
need for you to dream her return.

What? You haven't seen her cage before?  
The bowl of water, the stars she's hung from string? Look  
up, then. Hoist it up, Lear! Never mind her!

Send her, her cage, this ship, to the wind and brine  
then stand back, as a father will, waving off your  
need. For you to dream her return,

curse right angles, then sweat and toss --  
be the storm! The heart's a boat that won't give  
up. Then hoist it up, Lear. Never? Mind her,

old man: She'll ask you (across the sea) what stars are  
made of, what volume the sky. She'll whisper there's  
need for you to dream. Her return,

if it happens, will be less than tribal but foreign  
to your eye. Your heart, a tattered flag. Lift it  
up, then hoist it up, Lear (never mind her  
need for you), to dream her return.

Notes on "Fourth World"

line 5. Cf. Stevens, "The Poems of Our Climate," l.5.

17. Cf. Le Petit Prince, p.75.

24-5. Cf. Whitman, "Song of Myself," l.232.

26. Cf. Hopkins, "Carion Comfort," l.4.

29. Cf. Dickinson, "After Great Pain, a Formal Feeling Comes," l.13.

37. Cf. Milton, "Lycidas," l.125.

44. Oraibi is perhaps the oldest continuously inhabited community in North America. The Kachinas are spiritual intermediaries for the Hopi. The chief function of the Kachinas is to bring rain. The Kachinas are invisible forces of life and are visible only when the Kachina dances are held in the spring and autumn. Every spring the Kachinas return to live among the Hopi for six months until the corn is harvested, then they return to their winter home in the San Francisco Peaks.

52-3. According to the Hopi origin story, we are currently living in the Fourth World, World Complete, T<sup>u</sup>wagachi.

55-62. A refrain from a Neil Young song.

73-4. Cf. Wordsworth, "Tintern Abbey," l.75-6.

78. "...think not of yourselves, not even of your generation...think of those yet unborn up to the seventh generation...make all of your decisions with those generations in mind...the faces of future generations are looking up from the ground..."--Oren Lyons, faithkeeper of the Onandaga Nation.

83. V. Keats, "Ode On A Grecian Urn," l.46.

89-91. The Third World, Kuskurza, was destroyed by a flood. Before the flood, Grandmother Spider gave each of the Pure Ones (those who had harmony in their hearts) a piece of dough and a bowl of water and then were sealed in reeds. In this way, the Hopi survived the third purification and emerged into our present world, the Fourth World. They would have to live lives of poverty and humility while being the caretakers of the earth.

97. Cf. Chaucer, "The Pardoner's Tale," l.573.